

# Frolic

2/6

WITH THE CUTIES OF ST LUCY'S



No.  
**1**

"My name is Barbara and I am one of the "Terrors of St. Lucy's. Like the girls of another famous school, we find our gym class rather scary, and so it's "back to the fire girls!"

See some of the escapades we get up to on the following pages, and it's wonderful anyone who "wrecks."



# FROLIC

No. 1

## With the Cuties of St. LUCY'S

Photography by DON THORPE

### Editorial

It is always considered an achievement to be first in the field with a brand-new idea, and in FROLIC we feel we have succeeded in starting a new trend in glamour magazines.

Comedy in pictures has always been popular, particularly with children, the number of comic papers on the market are just proof of that. But comedy for the adult, that's another kettle-of-fish entirely. Fly poor father who has to wait until justice has finished before he can read the latest adventures of his particular hero.

With FROLIC, both mother and father can enjoy its contents. This issue will remind ladies of their school days, and of the penials they took part in, it will also remind the male readers of what they missed by not being, (in direct contrast, Co-Educated!)

Here's to a new venture, we sincerely hope you enjoy it!



FROLIC is Published by Penelope Publications Ltd., Stewart St., Bolton, Lancs, and Printed by Colwyn Press Ltd., London N.W. 10. Sole Distributors, to whom all communications should be sent: Delrow Publications Ltd., Delrow House, Church Bank, Bolton.

Price Two shillings and sixpence per copy



What, bend over  
the chair? Oh dear, and  
I don't like the look of  
that one!

Ouch! Those three  
stung. How many  
more? After six of the  
best I wish our parties  
were made much  
finer.







At last she's gone. I'm not going to let that case stop me from reading through, ... but not, I'm sorry to say, sitting down!

# THE EVILS OF DRINK

Now what's our terror up to?





Ah, hooch! Now I can  
really go to town. A  
couple of swags at this and  
I'm sure the pain in my  
seat will disappear.



Sshh! Not a word to  
any one. I'll just find a  
quiet little corner for a  
snicker before prep.



... and see the effects of drink ...



Some hours later . . .

Oh, my poor head! The pain's gone in my you-know-what, but, oh, my golly, my head feels like two!

# THE EXPLORER

Thank goodness I've managed to  
scramble out of games. They're all  
out on the playing fields so I think I'll  
sneak out and see  
what mischief I can  
get up to!





Over the wall, that's the style,  
Handy of someone to  
leave these ladders around  
Better be careful of my stockings  
though, I mustn't let  
"kack" think I've been up to  
something

Hello, what's the wire fence  
hiding? I've never seen it  
before. Oh, I know, it must be  
the place that's "out of bounds"  
on the notice board in the  
Hulweg.





Ah, ah! What's that sign I see? Looks very interesting.



No admission eh? Well, we'll see about that. If I can get over the top I might even find someone to play with!





Con! I'm always feeling queer in the rear! Better forget about playing soldiers and get back and find some lament.

# ST LUCILLE'S HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

## HELP WANTED

This is Marie and she's just  
as mischievous as our last  
help before. In fact I think she's  
just contemplating whether or  
not to burn the school to the  
ground.



"Oh no, I'm not going to burn the school down, at least not today. The girls and I have arranged a special plan for this."



I think I'll just rip up this tree and spy out the land. It's half-day holiday today and I don't want to waste it.



Now then, what the dilemma is she up to now! We can't really tell from here. Let's turn the page.



'Help Wanted! Now there's a thing. I could do with some pocket money and I'm sure there's no hard work attached to this. I might even be able to finish a bottle of gin for the girls.

A few well chosen words with the proprietress and the job's mine. Well! What suggestion could see my bow. Incidentally readers, ever tried gin and rum mixed?



There's nothing to this business of carrying a loaded tray, at least not if you have a little out of each glass to lighten the load! The next job I believe is to learn how to draw a pint. That's easy, where's my pencil and paper?





I usually wipe my  
spilled drink with my  
slip but the proprie-  
tress says that's what  
the cloth is for. Ah,  
well, one lives and  
learns

So that's how one  
draws a pear, not bad!  
Tastes better than  
chewing a pencil too!





Eek! What's this? The old foggy must have followed me. But I got it in the neck now. (The facing picture, as you can see, prove me wrong).



# SCHOOL REPORT

Mary thought that the letter from her father would contain an increase in her allowance, but, alas, alas, he said that unless she had a first-class school report this term, he would in fact cut it down!



What with her poor marks in algebra, English, Maths, French, etc. etc. Plus the tick on Miss Hagbody's chair, plus the mouse in Miss Knackleshead's desk, plus....

“Ah well, what’s the use. No chance of anything like a decent report, and literary. There’s that 5-14. I owe the bookmaker.”



“I know, there’s only one thing for it. Head will be at ten now, so—supposing I creep down to her study and see what I can find. Who knows?”

Mustn't make a noise. If anyone should catch me . . . crumb, I  
don't think about it.





Who said it was easy  
to put a lock with a hair-  
pin?

No use, I can't open it.  
I wonder if her window is  
unlocked . . .





Quietly, quietly, that's the style. Getting dark too, that's good, less chance of being seen.

This looks a likely spot. Shouldn't be too difficult to climb up to the window from here.





Good, no one is about, and the window's conveniently left open. Still?

O-O-H! Drat these high heels !!





This should do the  
trick. Good thing Jones  
Moor has a subcracking  
paw and showed me how,



There, now to find that  
incriminating evidence  
Ah, what's this?

Yes, this is it. Cor, good thing I found it. What a pack of lies, no one could be that bad!



Now, just an altera-  
tion here and an altera-  
tion there. Really, I've  
a good mind to use the  
old so-and-so for life!



Crumbs. Sounds like  
the old baggot herself  
Quack where can I hide?



Sally! Don't  
hardly breathe. She  
will be gone soon  
though, I think she's  
only come up for  
her page.



Think goodness,  
now to seal up the  
envelope and put  
it back into the  
safe.



There, that does it. But father gets a surprise when he notices this little bombshell. I can almost see him writing out a big fat cheque already.

Maria my girl, I'm  
proud of you, you really  
must try this professionally  
when you leave school



Just wait until I tell the  
girls. Joann Minor will be  
green with envy, but it will  
teach her not to covet about  
the time she pinched those  
nylons from the P.T. tea-  
cher.

So long readers, if you enjoyed reading of our little escapades look out for the next issue, on sale soon.



## ABOUT THE MODELS

In this, our first comedy sequence issue, we have used two up and coming models, who in our opinion are ideally suited for the part of mischievous schoolgirls.

Barbara Moran, the peppy and pretty blonde, whilst born in Liverpool, has lived in South Africa for a number of years. There she made a name for herself as a fashion model and was also a regular announcer of the S.A. Radio-Network plus appearing in a number of shows.

At the moment she is visiting relatives in England before going on to America to continue her career.

At her school in Johannesburg, she told us, that even at the age of 16, she had to wear a gym-slip almost as short as that she wears in our magazine. For the record, she is 19 years of age, stands 5' 7½" in her nylons and measures 36-23-36.

Our other charming model is Marie Owens, a comparative new-comer to modelling, but never-the-less we all agree that she should go a long way in this field. Marie was born in Blackpool, but now lives in Liverpool where she "pulls pinto" at a well-known hotel. She is 20 years of age, measures 36-24-36, height 5' 5" and weighs just 10 stone.

We hope you like the results of the hard work put in by these two girls and if you do you may like copies of their photographs. Any photograph from the contents are available and can be obtained by sending P/O for,—

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# **GIRLS !!**

As a famous radio and T.V. personality says, "Have you had an embarrassing moment?" "If you have tell us about it, and if we can illustrate it photographically we will pay you one guinea. £1 is 6d. Your name and address will not of course be published, but you must send it, to us in order that we may forward your guinea. Any experience, at school, parties, while shopping etc. etc; will be seriously considered. Write to:—

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In This Issue

NO SMOKING

THE EVILS OF  
DRINK

THE EXPLORER

HELP WANTED

SCHOOL REPORT

Watch out for the  
next issue on SALE  
SOON.

